

Missiskoui Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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THE
MISSISKOUI STANDARD
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POETRY.

The dying Girl to her Lover.

They tell me, love, that I must die—
That soon this faint and quivering breath
Must cease e'en thy dear name to sigh,
And pause in death.

Oh! joy, to think a spirit, crush'd
And bruis'd like mine shall pass to peace;
Then let thy sorrows all be hush'd,
Thy murmurs cease!

Hear not the idle tongues, which tell
'Twas thou who form'd my early tomb,
'Twas I—I lov'd, for life, too well,
And wrought my doom.

Be gay—forget—task pleasure's power
To furnish days of sunny glee;
I would not shade one passing hour
With thoughts of me.

And yet to be forgotten quite!
No, no, thy poor fond girl would fain
Be sometimes summon'd to thy sight,
And love again.

Let memmory's glass give back my form,
Such as when first I pledg'd my truth,
With health, and joy, and feeling warm,
And fresh with youth.

I would not that thou now shouldest see
My hollow eye and faded cheek;
Nay, chide not woman's vanity,
Nor call me weak.

Your picture—and the ring you gave,
Close 'gainst my heart are fondly clasp'd;
The miser yields but to the grave,
The gold he grasp'd.

Because I wildly o'er them wept,
They hid my treasures from my eyes;
But I had mark'd the spot, and crept,
And found my prize.

I bore my idols quick away—
They since have slept upon my breast,
And never from that home shall stray,
Till all's at rest.

Remember that my dying kiss
Upon thy pictur'd semblance fell;
My sight grows dim, my all of bliss—
Farewell—farewell!

MARGARET.
Bleecker street, New York, May, 1837.

SQUIRE BEN.

Before introducing my readers to the narrative of Squire Ben, it may be proper to inform them who Squire Ben was. In the year 1816, when the piping times of peace had begun, and our heroes, like Othello, found 'their occupation gone,' a thickset, bluff, burly-headed little man, whose every word and look reminded you of Incledon's—'*Cease rude Boreas,*' and bespoke him to be one of those who had 'sailed with noble Jervis,' or,

'In gallant Duncan's fleet,
Had sung out, yo heave ho!'

purchased a small estate in Northumberland, a few miles from the banks of the Coquet. He might be fifty years of age, but his weather-beaten countenance gave him the appearance of a man of sixty. Around the collar of a Newfoundland dog, which followed him more faithfully than his shadow, were engraved the words, 'Captain Benjamin Cookson'; but, after he had purchased the estate to which I have alluded, his poorer neighbors called him Squire Ben. He was a strange mixture of enthusiasm, shrewdness, courage, comicality, generosity and humanity. Ben, on becoming a country gentleman, became a keen fisher; and, as it is said, 'a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind,' I also being fond of the sport, became a mighty favourite with the bluff-faced Squire. It was on a fine bracing day in March, after a tolerable day's fishing, we went to dine and spend the afternoon in the Angler's Inn, which stands at the north end of the bridge over the Coquet, at the foot of the hill leading up to Longframlington. Observing that Ben was in good sailing trim, I dropped a hint that an account of his voyages and cruises on the ocean of life would be interesting.

'Ah, my boy,' said Ben, 'you are there with your soundings, are you—well, you shall have a long story by the shortest tack. Somebody was my father,' continued he, 'but whom I know not. This much I know about my mother: she was cook in a gentleman's family in this country; and being a fat, portly body—something of the build of her son, I take it—no one suspected that she was in a certain delicate situation, until within a few days before I was born. Then, with very grief and shame, the poor thing became delirious—and, as an old servant of



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I would snap that pipe between my fingers; (here the old Squire, suiting the action to the word, broke the end off his pipe;)—the sea rose....the hurricane increased, the yacht capsized, as a feather twirls in the wind. Every soul that had been on board was now struggling for life....buffeting the billows. At that moment I had but one thought, and that was of Jess; but one wish, and that was to die with her. I saw my fellow creatures in their death agonies, but I looked only for her. At the moment we were upset she was clinging to the arm of the titled puppy for protection, and now I saw her within five yards of me still clinging to the skirts of his coat....calling on him and on her father to save her...and I saw him—yes, Sir, I saw the monster, while struggling with one hand, raise the other to strike her on the face, that he might extricate himself from her grasp. 'Brute!...monster!' I exclaimed, and the next moment I had fixed my clenched hands in the hair of his head. Then with one hand I grasped the arm of her I loved, and with the other, uttering a fiendish yell, I endeavoured to hurl the coward to the bottom of the sea. The yacht still lay bottom up, but was now a hundred yards from us; however, getting my arm around the waist of my adored Jess...I laughed at the sea...I defied the hurricane...we reached the yacht. Her keel was not three feet out of the water, and with my right hand I managed to obtain a hold of it. I saw two of the crew and six of the passengers, perish...but her father, and the coward who had struck her from him, still struggled with the waves. They were borne far from us. Within half an hour I saw a vessel pick them up. It tried to reach us, but could not. Two hours more had passed, and night was coming on...my strength gave way...my hold loosened...I made one more desperate effort, I fixed my teeth in the keel....but the burden under my left arm was still sacred...I felt her breath upon my cheek....it inspired me with a lion's strength, and for another hour I clung to the keel. Then the fury of the storm slackened; a boat from the vessel that had picked up her father reached us—we were taken on board. She was senseless, but still breathed—my arm seemed glued round her waist. I was almost unconscious of every thing, but an attempt to take her from me. My teeth gnashed when they touched my hand to do so. As we approached the vessel, those on board hailed us with three cheers. We were lifted on deck. She was conveyed to the cabin. In a few minutes I became fully conscious of our situation. Some one gave me brandy...my brain became on fire. 'Where is she?' I exclaimed, 'did I not save her?...save her from the coward who would have murdered her?' I rushed to the cabin, she was recovering,...her father stood over her....strangers were rubbing her bosom. Her father took my hand to thank me, but I was frantic, I rushed towards her, I bent over her, I pressed my lips to hers, I called her mine. Her father grasped me by the collar, 'Boy! beggar! bastard!' he exclaimed. With his last word half of my frenzy vanished, for a moment I seized him by the throat...I cried 'Repeat the word!' I groaned in the agony of shame and madness. I rushed upon the deck, we were then within a quarter of a mile from the shore, I plunged over board, I swam to the beach, I reached it.

I became interested in the narrative of the squire, and I begged he would continue it with less rapidity. 'Rapidity!' said he, fixing upon me a glance in which I thought there was something like disdain—'youngster, if you cast a feather into the stream it will be borne on with it. But,' added he in a less hurried tone, after pausing to breathe for a few moments...after struggling with the strong surge for a good half hour, I reached the shore. My utmost strength was spent, and I was scarce able to drag myself a dozen yards beyond tide-mark when I sank exhausted on the beach. I lay, as though in sleep, until night had gathered round me: and when I arose, cold and benumbed, my delirium had passed away. My bosom, however, like a galley manned with criminals, was still the prison house of agonizing feelings, each more unruly than another. Every scene in which I had borne a part during the day, rushed before me in a moment, her image, the image of my Jess, mingled with each; I hated existence, I almost despised myself, but tears started from my eyes, the suffocation in my breast passed away, and I again breathed freely. I will not trouble you with details. I will pass over the next five years of my life, during which I was man-of-war's man, privateer, and smuggler. But I will tell you how I became a smuggler, for that calling I only followed for a week, and that was from necessity; but, as you shall hear, it well nigh cost me my life. Britain had just launched into a war with France, and I was first mate of a small privateer, carrying two guns and a long Tom. We were trying our fortune within six leagues of the Dutch coast, when two French merchantmen were in sight. They were too heavy metal for us, and we saw that it would be necessary to deal with them warily. So hoisting the republican flag, we bore down upon them; but the Frenchmen were not to be had, and no sooner had we come within gunshot, than one of them saluted our little craft with a broadside that made her dance in the water. It was evident there was no chance for us but at close quarters. 'Cookson,' says our commander to me, 'what's to be done, my lad?' 'Leave the privateer,' says I. 'What?' says he, 'take the long boat and run, without singeing a Frenchman's whisker!' no, blow me,' says he. 'No, Sir,' says I, board them, give them a touch of the cold steel.' 'Right, Ben, my boy,' says he; 'helm about there, look to your cutlasses, my hearties, and now for the Frenchman's deck and French wine to supper.' The next moment we had tacked about, and were under the Frenchman's bow. In turning round, long Tom had been discharged, and clipped the rigging of the other vessel beautifully. The commander, myself, and a dozen more, sprang upon the subject seemed to wound him, 'know that you are in the company of a man who has been condemned to die; yes, to die like a common murderer on the gallows! You start, but it is true; and if you like not the company of a man for whom the hang-man once provided a neckerchief, I will drop my story.' I requested him to proceed. 'Well, Sir,' continued he, 'I was lodged in prison. I was accused of being a smuggler, of having drawn my sword against one of his Majesty's officers, of having wounded him. On the testimony of my enemy and his crew, I was tried and condemned; condemned to die without hope of pardon. I had but a day to live, when a lady entered my miserable cell. She came to comfort the criminal, to administer consolation in his last hour. I was in no mood to listen to the admonitions of a female Samaritan, and I was about to bid her depart from me. Her face was veiled, and in the dim light of my dungeon I saw it not. But she spoke, and her voice went through my soul like the remembrance of a national air which we have sung in childhood, and hear in a foreign land. 'Lady!' I exclaimed, 'what fiend hath sent thee; come ye to ask me to forgive my murderer; if you command it I will.' 'I would ask you to forgive your enemies,' replied she mildly, 'but not for my sake.' 'Yet it can only be for your sake,' said I: 'but tell me, lady, are you the wife of the man who has pursued me to death?' 'No, not his wife.' 'But you will be,' cried I hastily, 'and you love him; tell me do you not love him?' She sighed; she burst into tears. 'Unhappy man,' she returned, 'what know you of me that you torment me with questions that torture me.' I thrust forth my fettered hand—I grasped hers....'Tell me, lady,' I exclaimed, 'before my soul can receive the words of re-pentance which you come to preach—tell me, do you love him?' 'No!' she pronounced emphatically, & her whole frame shook. 'Thank God!' I cried, and clasped my fettered hands together—'forgive me, lady, forgive me! Do you know me—I am Ben!—orphan Ben....the boy who saved you!' She screamed aloud, she fell upon my bosom, and my chained arm once more circled the neck of my Jess.

'Yes, Sir, it was my own Jess, who, without being conscious who I was, had come to visit the doomed one in his miserable cell, to prepare him for death, by pointing out the necessity of repentance and the way to heaven. I need not tell you that the moment my name was told, she forgot her mission; and as, with my fettered arms, I held her to my breast, & felt her burning tears drop upon my cheek, I forgot imprisonment, I forgot death,—my very dungeon became a heaven that I would not have exchanged for a throne,—for oh! as her tears fell, and her heavy bosom throbbed upon my heart, each throb told me that Jess loved the persecuted orphan....the boy who saved her. I cannot tell you what a trance is, but as I clung round her neck and her arms encircled mine, I felt as though my very soul would have burst from my body in ecstasy. She was soon convinced that I was no criminal, that I had been guilty of no actual crime, that I was innocent and doomed to die. 'No! no! you shall not die!' sobbed my heroic girl, 'hope! hope! hope! the man who saved me shall not die!' She hurried to the door of my cell, it was being opened by the keeper and she left me, exclaiming, 'Hope! hope! hope!' On that day his then Majesty, George the Third, was to prorogue parliament in person. He was returning from the House of Lords; crowds were following the royal procession, and thousands of spectators lined Parliament Street, some showing their loyalty by shouts and the waving of hats and of handkerchiefs, and others manifesting their discontent in sudden silence, or half-suppressed murmurs. In the midst of the multitude, and opposite Whitehall, stood a private carriage, the door of which was open, and out of it, as the

royal retinue approached, issued a female, and with a paper in her hand, knelt before the window of his Majesty's carriage, clasping her hands together as she knelt, and crying—'Look upon me, sire!'—'Stop!—stop!' said the king—'coachman, stop—what—a lady kneeling, eh...eh? A young lady too!—poor thing—poor thing...give me the paper.' His Majesty glanced at it—he desired her to follow him to St. James's. I need not dwell upon particulars; that very night my Jess returned to my prison [with my pardon in her hand, and I left its gloomy walls with her arm locked in mine. And now you may think that I was the happiest dog alive...that I had nothing more to do, but to ask and obtain the hand of my Jess—but you are wrong; and I will go over the rest of my life as briefly as I can. No sooner did her father become acquainted with what she had done, than he threatened to disinherit her...and he removed her—I know not where. I became first desperate, then gloomy, and eventually sank into lassitude.—Even the sea which I had loved from my first thought, lost its charms for me. I fancied that money only stood between me and happiness...and I saw no prospect of making a sum I thought necessary at sea. While in the privateer service, I had saved about two hundred pounds in prize-money. With this sum, as a foundation, I determined to try my fortune on shore. I embarked in many schemes; in some I was partially successful—but I persevered in none. It was the curse of my life that I had no settled plan—I wanted method; and let me tell you, Sir, that the want of a systematic plan, the want of method, has ruined many a wise man. It was my ruin. From this cause, though I neither drank nor gamed, nor seemed more foolish than my neighbors, my money wasted like a snowball in the sun. Though I say it myself, I was not an ignorant man—for, considering my opportunities, I had read much, and I had as much worldly wisdom as most of people. In short, I was an excellent framer of plans at night, but I wanted decision and activity to put them into execution in the morning. I had also a dash of false pride and generosity in my composition, and did actions without considering the consequences, by which I was continually bringing myself into difficulties. This system, or rather this want of system, quickly stripped me of my last shilling, and left me the world's debtor into the bargain. Then, Sir, I gnashed my teeth together—I clenched my fist—I could have cut the throat of my own conscience, had it been a thing of flesh and blood, for spitting my thoughtlessness and folly in my teeth. I took no oath, but I resolved, firmly, resolutely, deeply resolved, to be wise for the future; and, let me tell you, my good fellow, such a resolution is worth twenty hasty oaths. I sold my watch, the only piece of property worth twenty shillings that I had left, and with the money it produced in my pocket, I set out for Liverpool. This town, or city, or whatever you have a mind to call it, was not then what it is now. I was strolling along by the Duke's little Dock, and saw a schooner of about a hundred and sixty tons burden. Her masts lay well back, and I observed her decks were doubly laid. I saw her character in a moment. I went on board—I inquired of the commander if he would ship a hand. He gave me a knowing look, and inquired if ever I had been in the trade before. I mentioned my name and the ship in which I had last served. 'The dence, you are!' he said; 'what! you Cookson!...ship you, ay, and a hundred like you, if I could get them.' I hardly tell you the vessel was a privateer. Within three days the schooner left the Mersey, and I had the good fortune to be shipped as mate. For two years we boxed about the Mediterranean, and I had cleared, as my share of prize-money, nearly a thousand pounds. At that period, our skipper, thinking he had made enough, resigned the command in favor of me. My first cruise was so successful, that I was enabled to purchase a privateer of my own, which I named The Jess. For d'y see, her idea was like a never-waning moonlight in my brain,...her emphatic words, 'Hope!...hope!—hope!' whispered eternally in my breast, and I did hope. Sleeping or walking, on sea or shore, a day never passed but the image of my Jess arose on my sight, smiling, and saying—'Hope!' In four years more, I had cleared ten thousand pounds, and I sold the schooner for another thousand. I now thought myself a match for Jess, and resolved to go to the old man—her father, I mean—and offer to take her without a shilling. Well, I had sold my craft at Plymouth, and, before proceeding to the north, was stopping a few days in a small town in the north-west of England, to breathe the land air—for my face you see, had become a little rough by constant exposure to the weather. Well, Sir, the windows of my lodging faced the jail, and, for three days, I observed the handsomest figure that ever graced a woman, enter the prison at meal-times. It was the very figure—the very gait of my Jess—only her appearance was not genteel enough. But I had never seen her face. On the fourth day, I got a glimpse of it. Powers of earth! it was her!—it was my Jess! I rushed down stairs like a mad man...I flew to the prison-door and knocked. The jailor opened it. I eagerly inquired who the young lady was that had just entered. He abruptly replied... 'The daughter of a debtor,' 'For Heaven's sake, I returned, 'let me speak with them.' He refused. I pushed a guinea

into his hand, and he led me to the debtor's room. And there, Sir, there stood my Jess—my angel—there she stood, administering to the wants of a gray-haired father. I won't, because I can't, describe to you the tragical scene that ensued. The old man had lost all that he possessed in the world—his thousands had taken wings and flown away, and he was now pining in jail for fifty...and his daughter, my noble Jess, supported him by the labors of her needle. I paid the debt before I left the prison, and out I came with Jess upon one arm, and the old man on the other. We were married within a month. I went to sea again—but I will pass over that; & when the peace was made, we came down here to Northumberland, and purchased a bit of ground and a snug cabin, about five miles from this, and there six little Cookshans are romping about, and calling my Jess their mother, and none of them orphans, like their father, thank Heaven. And now, Sir, you have heard the narrative of Squire Ben—what do you think of it?

From the Quebec Gazette.

FOUR O'CLOCK, P. M.—We have just returned from the Great Meeting on the Esplanade. Quebec has shown itself the Citadel of British Loyalty as it is the stronghold of British Power.

Last night and this morning were rainy; but it cleared up at noon. The Chair was taken at one o'clock. Nearly the whole North half of the Esplanade, & the whole of the Rampart were filled with people; an endless procession with music, flags and banners is now moving through the town and suburbs amidst the cheers of the people and the firing of cannon.

John Wm. Woolsey, Esquire, was called to the Chair.

Joseph Deblois & { Esqrs. V, Presid'nts.
Pierre Peltier, }
Mr. Deguise, Adv., and T. C. Lee, Secr'aries.

Mr. Prevost, Assistant Secretary.

The following Resolutions were passed: On motion of Mr. Duval, seconded by Mr. G. B. Symes,

Resolved 1.—That we have observed with deep regret, the attempts which have been made at meetings recently held in different parts of this Province, to disseminate disrespect for the Public Authorities, and disaffection towards the British Government and Parliament, and to excite to the violation of the Laws.

On motion of Mr. Phillips, seconded by Mr. Sheppard,

2. That whatever differences of opinion may have prevailed in the Province in regard to its public concerns, the inhabitants thereof have hitherto maintained a distinguished character for fidelity to the Sovereign, a love of public order, and obedience to lawful authority; and that it is our duty and determination still to maintain this character, and resist to the utmost all acts or attempts contrary to the allegiance which is due to the British Crown, or against the public peace, or in violation of the Law.

On motion of Mr. Neilson, seconded by Mr. Buteau,

3. That we feel the entire conviction that the present unfortunate condition of Public affairs in this Province is in great part owing to the misunderstandings and dissensions which have prevailed in the Legislature, and amongst the inhabitants of the Province; and that a remedy is to be found in avoiding these misunderstandings and dissensions for the future, and in the cordial union of all classes in promoting the peace, welfare and good government of the Province.

On motion of Mr. Glackemeyer, seconded by Mr. Baillargeon.

4. That it is equally the duty and interest of the Government and the Subject in the Colony, to co-operate in the remedy of all abuses which may be found to exist, to the end that the peace and prosperity of the Province may be effectually promoted, and all classes of the Inhabitants be maintained in equal rights, and all the peculiar privileges which they enjoy, or to which they are legally entitled.

On motion of Mr. Power, seconded by Mr. Leclerc,

5. That under the present circumstances it is our duty humbly to assure his Majesty's Government that it may fully rely on our fidelity to the Crown and affectionate attachment to the connexion subsisting between this province and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

On motion of Mr. Fiset, Advocate, seconded by Mr. Langlois,

6. That an humble Address be presented to his Excellency the Governor in Chief, embodying these Resolutions, and praying that he would transmit the same to her Majesty's Government in England.

On motion of Mr. John Fraser, seconded by Chs. Langevin,

7. That the Chairman, the vice-chairman and the movers and the seconders and the following gentlemen be a committee to prepare and present the said address.

ENGLAND.

Immediately on the King's death, an express was sent to London with the intelligence. The Archbishop of Canterbury & the Lord Chamberlain, (Marquis of Conyngham,) speeded to Kensington to announce it to the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. The news was not unexpected by them. A messenger was at once sent to Lord Melbourne commanding him

A. M. At eleven a Privy Council was held at Kensington, attended by the Ministers and Privy Councillors of all parties in the State. The Princess and her mother were present, and the young Queen took the usual oaths. The Cabinet Ministers kneeling before her, swore allegiance and supremacy. This other Privy Councillors did also. Then the Ministry tendered the seals of office, which the Queen, returned to them. A Proclamation of Victoria as Queen, was agreed to and signed by all the members present. The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, her uncles, signed it first. It was remarked that she appeared to recognize no one except her uncles. The manner of her bearing was dignified. She was very plainly dressed; a plain black linstreen, white cape and crape scarf. At this Council she made the following declaration:...

'The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of his Majesty, my beloved uncle, has devolved on me the duty of administering the Government of the Empire. The awful responsibility is reposed on me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age, and to longer experience.'

'I place my firm reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also as a peculiar advantage, that I succeed to a Sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration.'

'Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the Constitution of my native country.'

'It will be my unceasing study to maintain the Reformed religion by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects.'

PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN.

'At ten o'clock the band struck up and the Park and Tower guns fired a double royal salute, at the conclusion of which, the Queen led by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the President of the Council, came forward to the opened window. The appearance of Her Majesty was the signal for the loudest exclamations of joy and clapping of hands, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen their hats, in the air. The Queen, apparently overcome by the novelty of her situation in conjunction with the combination of eventful occurrences which have within the last few days come to pass, the instant the first shout of gratulation pressed upon her ears, burst into tears, which continued, notwithstanding an evident attempt on the part of Her Majesty to restrain her feelings, to flow in torrents down her now pallid cheeks, until Her Majesty retired from the window. Her Majesty, however, courtesied many times in token of her sense of the devotion of her assembled subjects. The applauses were renewed several times during the reading of the Proclamation, and were most enthusiastic on Her Majesty's withdrawing. During these proceedings, the Heralds had taken up their customary station immediately beneath the window at which the Queen was standing, and upon silence being obtained, Clarenceux King of Arms, Sir W. Woods, in the absence of Garter King of Arms, Sir Ralph Bigland, made proclamation in the following terms:—'

'Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign, Lord King William IV, of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria, saving the rights of any issue of His late Majesty King William IV, which may be born of His late Majesty's consort—we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of His late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of others principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice & consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is now, by the death of our late Sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lady Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, saving as aforesaid. To whom saving as aforesaid, we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God by whom Kings and Queens do reign to bless the Royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us.'

'Given at the Court of Kinsington, this 29th day of June, 1837.'

'God save the Queen.'

The instant Clarenceux had terminated this portion of his labors, a flourish of trumpets was blown, and the park and Tower guns again fired a salute in token that the ceremony of proclaiming 'Victoria Alexandrina' Queen of these realms had been accomplished. The spectacle presented to the eye of such as had the good fortune to be within its view at the window, whilst the proclamation was being made, was one of a singularly beautiful and affecting description. In the centre stood a female Monarch, of tender years, suddenly summoned to assume the difficult and perilous office of earthly ruler and preserver of the interests of a great nation—in this position stood a youthful Queen, bathed in tears, and nearly overwhelmed by the more immediate presence of the circumstances by which she is surrounded, and the warm and heartfelt outpourings of a willing and devoted people. Directly on her left stood Viscount Melbourne, her Majesty's first Minister of State. Close behind, forming a semi-circle, were to be seen nearly, if not all, of the Members of her Majesty's Government and Household. Amongst those who were the most easily distinguishable from our position were—Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister; Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council; Viscount Duncan, Privy Seal; Mr. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Duke of Argyle, the Lord Steward; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England; The Marquis of Winchester, Groom of the Stole; the Marquis Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain; Lord C. Fitzroy, Vice-Chamberlain; Sir William Freemantle, Treasurer of the Household; the hon. G. S. Byng, Comptroller, and several others whose names do not at this moment present themselves to our recollection. A little on the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne stood her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who watched with an eye of intensity and penetration every movement of her illustrious Queen and daughter. Her Royal Highness, during one part of the ceremony appeared to be deeply affected. The Queen and her attendants having retired from the window, the heralds set out with the cavalcade, for the purpose of making the customary prolamation.

The first message of the Queen to the House or Lords we give below. That to the Commons was to the same effect.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The Queen entertains the fullest confidence that the House of Lords participates in the deep affliction which her Majesty feels at the death of the late King, whose constant desire to promote the interests, maintain the liberties, and improve the laws and institutions of the country, will insure for his name and memory the dutiful and affectionate respect of all her Majesty's subjects. The present state of public business and the period of the Session, when considered in connexion with the law which imposes on her Majesty the duty of summoning a new Parliament within a limited time, renders it inexpedient to recommend to the House of Lords any new measure for its adoption, with the exception of such as may be necessary for carrying on the public business from the close of the present till the meeting of the new Parliament.

THE OATHS OF ALLEGIANCE.

As stated yesterday the written rolls of the House of Lords, and the printed forms of the oaths of the House of Commons, described the Queen as her Majesty 'Alexandrina Victoria'; but after the proceedings of the Council, her Majesty having signed 'Victoria,' it became requisite to alter the forms. In some instances new forms were provided, but in others there was not time, and the pen was consequently run through the first name, Alexandrina. This was done in several places in the voluminous rolls of the House of Lords, and after the morning sitting and the signatures then attached; and the Lord Chancellor has attached a foot note to the rolls, recording that such erasures of the name 'Alexandrina' were made after the morning sitting, and after the Peers' signatures then affixed had been written. There also became requisite an important and curious interlineation in the oath, namely, after the words, 'I will bear faith and true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria,' the addition in parenthesis 'saving the right of any issue of his late Majesty King William IV, which may be born of his late Majesty's consort—we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this realm, being here assisted with those of His late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of others principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice & consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is now, by the death of our late Sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lady Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, saving as aforesaid. To whom saving as aforesaid, we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God by whom Kings and Queens do reign to bless the Royal Princess Victoria with long and happy years to reign over us.'

'Given at the Court of Kinsington, this 29th day of June, 1837.'

'God save the Queen.'

The instant Clarenceux had terminated this portion of his labors, a flourish of trumpets was blown, and the park and Tower guns again fired a salute in token that the ceremony of proclaiming 'Victoria Alexandrina' Queen of these realms had been accomplished. The spectacle presented to the eye of such as had the good fortune to be within its view at the window, whilst the proclamation was being made, was one of a singularly beautiful and affecting description. In the centre stood a female Monarch, of tender years, suddenly summoned to assume the difficult and perilous office of earthly ruler and preserver of the interests of a great nation—in this position stood a youthful Queen, bathed in tears, and nearly overwhelmed by the more immediate presence of the circumstances by which she is surrounded, and the warm and heartfelt outpourings of a willing and devoted people. Directly on her left stood Viscount Melbourne, her Majesty's first Minister of State. Close behind, forming a semi-circle, were to be seen nearly, if not all, of the Members of her Majesty's Government and Household. Amongst those who were the most easily distinguishable from our position were—Viscount Melbourne, Prime Minister; Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council; Viscount Duncan, Privy Seal; Mr. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Duke of Argyle, the Lord Steward; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England; The Marquis of Winchester, Groom of the Stole; the Marquis Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain; Lord C. Fitzroy, Vice-Chamberlain; Sir William Freemantle, Treasurer of the Household; the hon. G. S. Byng, Comptroller, and several others whose names do not at this moment present themselves to our recollection. A little on the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne stood her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, who watched with an eye of intensity and penetration every movement of her illustrious Queen and daughter. Her Royal Highness, during one part of the ceremony appeared to be deeply affected. The Queen and her attendants having retired from the window, the heralds set out with the cavalcade, for the purpose of making the customary prolamation.

The causes of complaint are numerous, and too generally known to make it necessary for me, at this time, to enter into a detail of them. Suffice it to say, that the Lessees and occupants of the Reserved lands have been compelled to pay, on an average, more than double the price demanded for the unoccupied lands, of equal goodness, in the several Townships; or than they could be sold for, when offered for sale to the highest bidder.

I lay it down as a principle of equity, that the first settlers of a new country, who have borne all the burdens and privations of penetrating into the wilderness, who have expended their capital and worn themselves out in making roads and other public improvements, by which they have contributed greatly to increase the value of the unsettled lands in their neighborhood, should not be compelled to pay a higher price for the lands they occupy, than the highest price to which they have themselves contributed to raise the wild lands generally in the Township. It would be no more than justice to allow them to purchase the lands they occupy at the price wild lands were selling at when they first entered upon them—but for Government to require them to pay a higher price than that to which their own capital and industry has assisted to raise any of the unoccupied lands of the Township, is the height of injustice. And for the Officers of Government to pretend that they do not approve or take into consideration the improvements made on the settled lots, when

ried quite over the chimney of the *Adelaide*, Hull and Selby steamer and fell in the Humber at a great distance; another man was flung to such a height that he fell on the roof of a warehouse, and with so violent a descent as to break in the roof. When the smoke had partially cleared off, the dock basin was seen covered with bodies articles of apparel, and fragments of the vessel. Every exertion was made by boats to save the lives of those cast into the water, & several were rescued. The mangled bodies of nearly twenty men and women were laid upon the jetties and the sufferers who showed signs of life were taken to the infirmary. It was currently reported, on the authority of actual spectators of the accident, that upwards of a hundred, and perhaps nearly a hundred and fifty persons, must have been swept into eternity by the explosion. The truth happily falls very short of this.—As far as yet ascertained, the number of persons killed is between twenty, but some bodies may not have been recovered from the water. Several others have been injured more or less severely by contusions or scalding.

The cause of the accident is in course of investigation at Hull, before a coroner and jury.

For the Mississauga Standard.

My Father was a Loyalist during the American Revolution, and taught me that loyalty to his Majesty's person and Government was a *virtue*. And I never doubted its being so, until of late. I have been led to question the propriety of being strongly attached to any government, which, when it has a portion of its subjects completely in its power, will take that opportunity to oppress them, and betray the confidence reposed in its impartial care and protection. I have, therefore, come to the conclusion that *loyalty* is a *virtue, only*, when the government is *worthy* of our attachment. The manner in which Government has treated the Lessees & occupants of the Crown and Clergy Reserves in this part of the province has, I must confess, nearly made shipwreck of my loyalty, and that of hundreds of others. No one cause has operated so powerfully to alienate the affections of his Majesty's heretofore, faithful and loyal subjects in the Townships, as this. I am satisfied, however, that this disaffection is wrong until we know whether the oppression of which we complain is sanctioned by his Majesty and his Ministry or not. There is one important privilege guaranteed to us as British subjects which possesses a redeeming quality for many errors—I allude to the right of petitioning;—This privilege we have culpably neglected. Abuses will occur, more or less, under every form of government; and if the oppressed fail to make known the cause of complaint to the proper authorities, when they have the privilege of doing it they have themselves to blame. I would say then to those interested in the Reserved lands—

'Arouse from your lethargy, & make known your grievances, not only to the King's Representatives in this Province, but, if need be, to the King himself.' Do this, and I have little doubt but you will obtain redress: if not, I will then join you in seeking a country where such palpable injustice is not tolerated.

The causes of complaint are numerous, and too generally known to make it necessary for me, at this time, to enter into a detail of them. Suffice it to say, that the Lessees and occupants of the Reserved lands have been compelled to pay, on an average, more than double the price demanded for the unoccupied lands, of equal goodness, in the several Townships; or than they could be sold for, when

they compel the occupier to pay twice as much per acre as they demand, or can sell unimproved lands for; of equal goodness, in the Township, is adding insult to oppression.

I know that it is generally thought too late now to petition; ...the occupiers having agreed to purchase and paid a part, and some the whole, of the purchase money. There would no doubt have been a better prospect of success had it been done sooner. But where it is made evident that the Lessors and occupiers of those Reserves were compelled to agree to take them at whatever price might be demanded, or lose the betterments (so called) which they had made thereon, or purchased,—that the appraisement of the Clergy Reserves was a mere farce; the agent who appraised them, having never seen any thing but the situation and amount of improvements, by the value of which he graduated his price: and was very careful to inform the occupiers that unless they improved the opportunity of then purchasing at his appraisement, their lands would probably be sold to the British American Land Company, and they compelled to pay a much higher price, or lose them altogether. When, I say, these facts, and many others equally oppressive, are made to appear; I have confidence to believe that our Executive Government will yet do justice to all who have been thus aggrieved.

A BACKWOODSMAN.

Shefford County, 28th July, 1837.

For the Missiskoui Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 34

It would be a curious speculation, if some person, qualified by his extensive knowledge on the subject, should take the trouble to draw out a catalogue of all the popular works that have been published within the last thirty years, and class them accurately under the various heads to which they belong as books of useful information, instruction and entertainment. The vast army of entertaining, imaginary writers, who had not the smallest idea of instructing mankind in any branch of useful knowledge, or of improving their morals, but merely to please and to kill time, by a glitter of creations and scenes that never existed, and never will exist, but in imagination, would be surprisingly great. There is no great pleasure in the thought that writers of amiable dispositions, who have stolen, perhaps, from all men, who are in the habit of reading, many a precious hour—writers who were admired while living, and whose names are held in esteem, after their death, must be placed in a list of men whose aim in all their works was to please by airy dreams, fanciful creations of impossible scenes and grotesque agents, rather than by solid instruction and virtue?

J. R.

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

RELIHGSBURG, AUGUST 8, 1837.

All the papers are full of details respecting his late Majesty, King William IV, and the acts of his reign; and also of anticipations respecting his successor on the throne of England, her youthful Majesty Queen Victoria. We are not courtly, but we can say truly, that we have never failed in either affection or duty to his Majesty while he was living, and now that he has quit the stage—that death has no respect for persons however dignified and exalted, but enters the gate of the palace with as little ceremony as that of the humblest cottage, we submit to the stroke, as to that which awaits all men—the small and the great, with becoming reverence; and look to the Supreme Governor of nations for wisdom and prudence to guide and direct the young Queen, and save her and the nation from the hands of evil men, so that all her subjects may enjoy happy times, peace and prosperity under her Majesty's reign.

It is indeed a matter of deep regret that, within the last thirty years, a host of writers, possessed of the most splendid talents, and brilliant acquirements, should have devoted themselves to the work of giving mere worldly pleasure; ...of catering to the taste of an unthinking world, by the composition of books which aim at nothing higher than to please the frivolous and the giddy-minded, which too frequently wield a magic wand over minds that know better how to employ time than the perusal of ingenious triflings, but were not always proof against the gilded temptation.

There has been a time, a golden age, when such men as Addison, Steele, Johnson and McKenzie, entertained the age in which they flourished by periodicals of the agreeable kind, but their aim evidently was to improve mankind in morality, and in the social relations not of imaginary, but of real life. In the performance of their task, they softened down the asperities which remained after an age of civil war—taught men both the necessity and beauty of mutual forbearance, and all-subduing charity...put vice out of countenance by presenting to the world the majesty and modesty of unassuming virtue—and polished the language of England from its rough surface to a degree of elegance which has not yet been surpassed by the proudest of their successors. To this day their volumes are deservedly held as models, and ever will be, as long as men admire common sense and beautiful language, not strained, inflated or pedantic, but plain, easy and natural, suited to the subject, as ingredients necessary in composition.

In or about their time appeared Richardson in the walks of fancy, their equal perhaps in the purity of his diction, but forever behind them in

the exercise of common sense. He created an imaginary world...lived in it, and conversed exclusively with the airy beings of his own brains. His creations, whether good or bad, are not of this world. Fielding, at the same time, as if inspired with the roguish design of exposing the mawkish fancy of Richardson, took the world, the present master of fact world, as he found it, after the manner of Shakespeare, and burlesqued the follies and crimes of mankind with a masterly hand. If his works are not so agreeable as those of his rivals, they are nevertheless more true to nature. The one describes the actions of beings that never existed—who has ever seen a gentleman like the all-accomplished Sir Charles Grandison...or like the high-minded, but deliberately determined villain, Lovelace? The other burlesques and exaggerates the follies of undoubted realities. The one walks among phantoms of his own creation—the other lives wholly with earthly beings, whom he delights to expose in more than their native deformity.

After them, at a long interval, came the great magician of the north, for many years denominated THE GREAT UNKNOWN, and took the world by surprise, by presenting to its view a seemingly true map of itself, but in reality the map of a world as purely chimerical as that of Richardson, though of a totally different kind. The transcendent art of the northern magician seems to have lain in this. He took the names, and characters, and actions and scenes found on the page of his country's history, and after putting them in his crucible, over the fire of his genius, they came out as new creations under their own familiar names. So truly is every scene laid, and so masterly every character sketched, filled up, and sustained, that, through some means or other, he is thought to have brought to light what history had passed over in silence, without having drawn on imagination at all. It is said that his creatures are true to nature. They may be so, if we consider them as distinct personages, and in keeping with themselves, but who will say that they are true to the historical characters which they represent, or to any that have inhabited or do inhabit this earth?

Hogg carries into a land of witchery, but, being aware of his intention, at the raising of his first goblin, you deny him your faith, though not your love of the marvellous. Scott makes you believe every thing, because he makes every thing seem probable, and allure you to think that you are conversing with men and women of your own species, and reading the pages of sober history, while, in reality, you are in a trance, bound hand & foot by a potent spell of enchantment, enjoying the airy gambols of imaginary phantoms, but when you have closed the book, the illusion vanished, and behold! it was a dream. What then is the good of waverly novels? What can be derived from them to compensate for the time which they have wasted? Are they calculated to make men wiser, and to act more suitably to the end of their being? Is it not to be deplored, that, in many cases, intellects of the highest order, bestowed by a Beneficent Creator for wise ends, should be employed, rather to please and pamper a vitiated taste, than to instruct, enlighten and improve mankind in religion and virtue?

J. R.

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

RELIHGSBURG, AUGUST 8, 1837.

We have given in another column of today's paper, the Resolutions passed at the Constitutional Meeting held at Quebec, on the 31st ultimo; and we shall publish the Address to Her Majesty's Government, (which we have not as yet received,) probably, in our next:

it can be complied with—as honorable in the breach as in the execution. In the present circumstances of the country letters here must remain in the office unopened—unread...unanswered, because we have not, and cannot obtain, specie to pay for them. How Bank receipts for specie deposited, on the supposition that post offices can collect specie, will answer the General post office better than their bank notes, is to us an enigma which we cannot possibly understand.

We have inserted the Letter of A Backwoodsman. The writer may have a sufficient cause for dissatisfaction that we know not of, and if he has, he should have been more explicit in his detail, before he made an avowal so injurious to himself. Seldom have we seen a case so poorly made out to justify any important change in a man's principles or in the course of a man's life, as that which a Backwoodsman has assigned, to make almost a shipwreck of his loyalty, which he says, had been taught him by his loyal father, 'as a virtue.' We forbear, at this time, to comment on this singular production, in hopes that the writer will duly appreciate our tenderness; and that, on reflection, he will discover that the grievances of which he complains, may have arisen out of speculations nearer home, of which the Government knew nothing, and which, if it did, it could not control. His own declaration that he, and his alienated companions in the 'shipwreck of loyalty,' had never represented the alleged malversation of agents by Petition to the proper authorities, when others did, and obtained a hearing, should have made him pause before he opened his mouth to talk of disaffection.

It is to us a matter of regret that the 'Farmers' Advocate' has ceased to exist. The why, or the wherefore, we have not learned. The establishment is offered for sale. The journal had, and was worthy of, an extensive patronage. It stood alone in that great portion of the Eastern Township after having conquered its enemies and the enemies of the constitution, and quietly secured its victory. We are sorry that so respectable a journal has stopped its career of Constitutional operations while there is still so much need of strenuous exertions on the right side. It had many patrons in this section of the country, we believe, from the beginning. We hope our brethren in the East will now return the favor by patronizing the Missiskoui Standard, until another shall start in the place of the 'Farmers' Advocate.'

Haying has begun, but, owing to the rains, it goes on very slowly. Some was housed in the latter part of last week. The meadows are thought to be considerably above an average crop. All kinds of grain, except Indian Corn, have a better appearance, than this part of the country has witnessed for a number of years...so that if we shall be favored with a propitious season for ripening and harvesting, there will be great abundance in our land for man and for beast.

We have given in another column of today's paper, the Resolutions passed at the Constitutional Meeting held at Quebec, on the 31st ultimo; and we shall publish the Address to Her Majesty's Government, (which we have not as yet received,) probably, in our next:

For the Missiskoui Standard.

MR. PRINTER—SIR:—I observed in your paper of yesterday, in the obituary notice of His late Majesty William IV, a paragraph alluding to the precedents followed at the demise of Geo. III. and Geo. IV., from which some of your readers might infer that the House of Assembly in this Province was dissolved, as a matter of course, consequent upon the death of the King. Permit me to remark that, those precedents are not now to be followed, as a Provincial Statute was passed in 1829, and subsequently assented to by his Majesty in Council and made perpetual, which enacts that the Provincial Parliament of this Province, shall not determine, or be dissolved by the death or demise of His Majesty; but shall continue, 'and may meet, convene and sit, proceed and act notwithstanding such death or demise, in the same manner as if such death or demise had not happened.'

This Statute does not, however, alter or abridge the power of the Executive, to prorogue or dissolve the Provincial Parliament.

L. D. Farnham, 2d August, 1837.

We understand that Dr. M. F. Vailois of Point Clair, of anti-Coercion notoriety, has been removed from the Commission of the peace for the district of Montreal...Quebec Mercury.

The attention of the Craft is solicited, to the opportunity which is now presented, for any one wishing to engage in publishing a paper, & general printing. Having engaged in other business, the publishers of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, at Sherbrooke, will dispose of their establishment on favorable terms.

We are sure that the Deputy Post

Master General never would have issued this order without being compelled by some very important reasons. Whatever his reasons may have been, we are obliged to observe that the order is easier given than

terms. The establishment—most of the type being nearly new—is well fitted for publishing a paper, and Book and Job Printing.

During the past year the advertising and Job Printing amounted to between 300 and £400. There are belonging to the office, Stereotype Plates for a Testament, Small Arithmetic, and Spelling Book, and characters &c. for an Almanac, about 4,000 copies have been sold annually. The establishment will be sold with or without the Stereotype Plates.

Exchange papers will oblige us by copy-

ing the above.—Far. Adv.

POST OFFICE CIRCULAR.

General Post Office.

Quebec, 25th July 1837.

SIR,

From the date of the receipt of this Letter and until the Banks throughout both the Canadas redeem their Notes in Specie, you will require the payment of all postage (British as well as American) in the legally Current Coins of your Province. Wherever it can conveniently be done (more particularly in Upper Canada,) I wish you to deposit this Specie in Bank—on my account, provided the Cashier will give an acknowledgment promising to repay the money in kind when required by me.

The Banks at which you may deposit on my account under the above stipulations, are:

The Bank of Upper-Canada and its Branches,

Montreal Bank and its Branches.

City Bank and its Branches.

As I wish as much as possible to avoid the transmission of Specie by Post...I will in the event of your not having it in your power to pay into a bank—or the Banks refusing to give such an acknowledgement as I have described, endeavor to make some other arrangement for the final receipt of the Revenue at Quebec.

Should the amount of your balance be small...say under ten dollars—you can either send it by Post (properly secured and addressed) or by private hand, whichever you think safest.

I trust as much as possible to avoid the difficulties in the Money Market which create the necessity for these new regulations with regard to the payment of Post Office Revenue, will soon cease, and that we shall be able to revert to our former and much more convenient mode of collecting this revenue.

I am,

Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

T. A. STAYNER,

D. P. M. G.

Valuable PROPERTY TO BE LET!!

THE subscriber is disposed to let for a term

of years, the whole of his property at

BEDFORD,

consisting of a

Grist-Mill,

containing seven Run of Stones, including the necessary machinery for making Oatmeal, a

Carding-Machine

AND

Clothier's Shop,

a Turning Lathe,

Saw-Mill, Store, Ware-House,

Distillery, & Dwelling House,

at present occupied by

P. H. MOORE, Esq.

He will also let for a term of years, his

Sawing Establishment,

at the Lower Falls, on Pike River.

The above property is well situated for business, perhaps not surpassed by any other in the country; and will be let separately to different persons, if required. The terms will be made favorable. The Lessee will, however, be required to keep it at all times in a perfect state of repair; a suitable allowance will be made in the estimate of rent for this purpose.

ROBERT JONES,

Bedford, June 17, 1837. V3 101

Champlain and Saint Lawrence Railroad

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

ON WEDNESDAY next, the 14th instant,

and until further notice.

From Montreal. From Laprairie.

Princess Victoria. Cars, by Locomotive.

9 o'clock, A. M. 10 o'clock, A. M.

1 P. M. 3 P. M.

5 P. M. 6 P. M.

From St. Johns. From Laprairie.

From St. Johns. Princess Victoria.

Cars, by Locomotive.

5 o'clock, A. M. 6 o'clock, A. M.

9 A. M. 10 1/2 A. M.

2 P. M. 3 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

From Montreal. From St. Johns.

Princess Victoria. Cars, by Locomotive.

10 o'clock, A. M. 8 o'clock, A. M.

4 P. M. 2 P. M.

And from Laprairie, the Boat will leave on arrival of the Cars, and the Cars on arrival of the Boat.

First class Passengers through . . . 5s. Od.

Second do do 2s. 6d.

To and from St. Johns or Montreal same day . . . 7s. 6d.

Children half price,

Application for freight or passage from Montreal to be made on board the Princess Victoria.

The public will take notice, that in order to prevent those losses, mistakes and vexatious delays which must arise, unless due order and regularity be observed in the receiving and delivering of freight, the Company will strictly adhere to the following regulations:

1st.—All freight intended to cross the Railroad or Ferry must be delivered at either end of the Line, half an hour before the regular time of departure, in order that no delay may take place in starting at the periods advertised, and to allow time for the freight to be regularly Way-Billed.

2d.—No freight will be considered as delivered of the Company unless a Shipping List or Bill of Lading shall accompany the same, delivered to the Captain or Purser.

3d.—Freight from Montreal for Laprairie will be delivered on the Company's wharf, and must be removed with all despatch.

4th.—Freight from Montreal to St. Johns, and not intended for Lake Champlain, will be delivered at the Station House.

5th.—Freight from St. Johns for Laprairie will be delivered at the Station House.

6th.—Freight for Montreal will be considered as delivered on the wharf, due notice being given of its arrival to the owner or consignee.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

A Historical Narrative.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 17th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood; the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both, the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard, another followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed, "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her...she arose—seized her infant, but was afraid its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between affection and duty took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its parent's face, threw its little arms around her necks, and wept aloud. "In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring voice, as he forced the infant from his wife & hastily taking up his gun, knife, and hatchet, run up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then, throwing off some clapboards from the roof of his cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt-end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and closed in. The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child now became warm & fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendency. Both were badly cut & bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper, and the savage soon sunk to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired, and brought him down, reloaded his gun and pushed forward. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided between Bryant's Station and Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for his dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the canebrake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed sombrely on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces, and sunk exhausted to the earth.

Morning came; the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground, his left hand was thrown on his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made search, and found some bones, burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest resolutions.

Several days after this, Morgan was en-

gaged in a desperate battle at the lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victorious, and the surviving whites retreated across Licking, were pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last that crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As soon as he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge he felt anew his wrongs, and recollecting the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping knife. At this moment, Morgan cast upwards his eyes and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, haggard him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak; its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and soldier.

The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild cat and the panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair to his own end.

A large, ferocious looking bear covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commanded his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate.

The sated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes....fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate.

He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached...a cold chill ran over him.

Imagination—creative, busy imagination, was actively employed; death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs

would in all probability be torn from him, and he devoured alive.

He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents...his hands were vi-

ently forced from his face—the moon

passed from under a cloud—a faint ray

beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily

opened, and he beheld his wife! who in

a scarce audible voice exclaimed, "My

husband! my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife that, after the Indians entered the house, they found some spirits and drank freely; an altercation took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment.

Or if when he took his walk he had been

contented with getting rid of the feverishness of the night, and returned to his bed,

the chain would have been broken; for

what was more out of the natural course of events than that, at two in the morning,

the idea should come into the head of any

man to go to his office, and sit down in the lonely room of his department, for no

purpose of business or pleasure, but sim-

ply from not knowing what to do with him?

She was immediately taken and bound.

The party, after setting fire to the house,

proceeded to Bryant's station. On the

day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a

horse with saddle and bridle, rushed by

her, which she knew to be her husband's.

During the action the prisoners being left

unguarded, made their escape, and lay

concealed beneath some bushes under the

bank of the river. After the Indians had

returned from the pursuit, and left the bat-

tle-ground, she, with some other persons,

that had escaped with her, determined to

make a search for their friends, and, if on

the field of living, to save them, if pos-

sible, from the beasts of prey. After search-

ing for some time, and almost despairing

of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgan

and his wife, and restored them to their

friends, their infant and their home.

REMARKABLE STORY.

From a notice of *Illustrations of Human Life*, a new work by the author of Tremaine and De Vere, in the New Monthly Magazine for April:

The story to which we shall now advert has the double value of being told, we pre-

sume, on Mr. Ward's personal knowledge,

and of illustrating the extraordinary chan-

ges on which human life is sometimes suf-

fered to depend. The circumstances occur-

red to the well-known Sir Evan Nepean,

in the home department.

The popular ver-

sion of the story had been that he was

warned by a vision to save the lives of three

or four men condemned to die but repre-

ved; and who but for the vision would

have perished through the under-secretary's

neglect in forwarding the reprieve. Sir Evan being subsequently asked how far this story was true, his answer was: "The narrative romances a little, but what it aludes to was the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me." The simple facts, as told by himself are these: One night during his office as under secretary, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined; he was in perfect health, had dined early and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still, he found all his attempts to sleep

impossible, and, from eleven till two in the morning, he never closed an eye. At length weary of this struggle, & as the twilight was breaking, (it was in summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There he saw nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in this walk,

happening to pass the Home office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key though without any particular ob-

ject. The book of entries of the day be-

fore still lay on the table, and through sheer listlessness he opened it. The first thing he saw appalled him.—A reprieve to be

sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution. The execution had been ap-

pointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the

'minutes,' he could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, knocked him up, (it was then past three,) and asked him if he knew any thing of the re-

rieve being sent. In great alarm the chief clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan, "recollect yourself; it must have been sent."

The clerk said that he now recollects he had sent to the clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"Good," said Sir Evan. "But have you your receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then come with me to his house, we

must find him it is so early." It was now

four, and the clerk of the Crown lived in

Chancery lane. There was no hackney

coach to be seen, and they almost ran.

They were just in time. The clerk of the

crown had a country house, and meaning

to have a long holiday, he was at that mo-

ment stepping into his gig to go to his villa.

He was astonished at this visit of the under-

Secretary of State at such an hour, and

still more so at his business.

"Heavens!" cried he, "the reprieve is

locked up in my desk!" It was brought

Sir Evan sent to the post office for the

trustiest and fleetest express. The reprieve

reached York next morning just at the mo-

ment the unhappy men were ascending the

car.

"Good heavens!" said the distinguished

Italian to his young relative, whom he met

issuing from a haunt of vice; you should

have blushed when you went in. That

heart alone is safe which shrinks from the

slightest contact or conception of evil, and

waits not to enquire what the world will

say?

"Blush not now," said a distinguished

Italian to his young relative, whom he met

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